

# Coopers Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

VOL. II.—NO. 37.

CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th, 1853.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 89.

## TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the date of subscribing; after the termination of six months \$2.50 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid, and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. All liberal discount on the above rates made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than one square. The number of insertions must be specified, or the advertisement will be continued and charged for accordingly.

Announcements of candidates for office \$2.00. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis. All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post paid.

Cure for Virulent Small Pox or Scarlatina and Measles.

A merchant and ship owner of this city has had the following sent him from England, where it was furnished by Mr. M. Larkin, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and who vouches for it as a medicine "that will effect a revolution in the healing art, as regards the prevention and cure not only of small pox, but also of measles and scarlatina, however malignant the type, in a manner more efficient and extraordinary than could ever have been hitherto anticipated even by the most ardent philanthropist."

On the first appearance of fever or irritation ushering in attacks, whether occurring in families or large communities, the subjoined mode of treatment should be at once entered on: Take one grain of powdered foxglove digitalis, (valuable in the ratio of its greenness—the dark should be rejected,) and one of sulphate of zinc. (this article is commonly known as white vitrol.) These should be rubbed throughly in a mortar or other convenient vessel, with four or five drops of water; this done, a nogg (or about four ounces) more, with some syrup or sugar should be added. Of the mixture a table spoonful should be given an adult, and two teaspoonfuls to a child, every second hour, until symptoms of disease vanish.

"This conducted, convalescence, as if by magic, will result. The rapidity of an event so auspicious will equally delight and astonish. It may, however, be necessary further to note, that should the bowels become obstructed in progress of the disease, an evil by no means common then a drachm of compound powder of jalap (formed of two parts cream of tartar with one of jalap,) and one grain of the herb, treat-d-as above, formed into a pill with syrup or sugar, should be given to an adult, and half the quantity to a child. This simple medicine shuts out every other form or article whatever, as totally unnecessary, if not pernicious."

"The methodus medendi of these medicines, capable of effecting results so gigantic, remain now only to be given, and appears to be as follows: The herb, by its anti-febrile properties, lays hold at once of the fever, the prolific source of woe, which it immediately strangles, while the zinc acts the part of a tonic, instantly restoring the equilibrium."—*Boston Courier.*

## The Needle's Eye and the Camel.

Bishop Shirley, an English Bishop, in a letter to a friend, Dec. 1845, says:—"I met the other day with an interesting illustration of verse 54, 19th chapter of Matthew, about the camel and the needle's eye. Lord Nugent, when in Hebron one of the Jewish cities, was directed to go out by the needle's eye, that is, by the small gate of the city. And in many places of England the old game of Thread the Needle is played in the following words:

How many miles to Hebron?  
Three-score and ten.  
Can I get there by midnight?  
Yes, and back again.  
Then thread the needle,  
And you'll be there."

That is, to go through the gate. Now this explains and modifies one of the strongest and most startling passages of Scripture on the subject of riches; etc.—that is, this small gate of the city of Hebron; but with difficulty, and hardly with a full load nor without stopping. So, too, a rich man can go through the gospel gate into the city of the New Jerusalem, yet with difficulty; being burdened with cares and anxiety attendant upon possession of great wealth—abstracting his mind from the things that are eternal and invisible."

BRIDAL PRESENT.—We find the following in the Bangor Mercury: A bridal loaf from the Emperor Napoleon, has been presented to the President. It is described by the correspondent of the Brunswick Telegraph as "a mass of cake, super, white silk, and gold leaf as large as a bushel basket. It is surrounded by an elegant vase, full of flowers; among them, are the French lily and the pompon flower; a wreath of the Irish shamrock and Spanish ivy encircles the vase. The Empress Eugenie being of Irish and Spanish descent. Around the vase are the arms of the cities of France, and seven cornucopias filled with fruit and produce of the field.—The golden letter N is conspicuous in every portion of the cake."

THE PEOPLE OF TIMBUCTO prefer buckskin breeches to any other, for this reason—when they are worn out they can boil them with cabbage and make a dinner of them.

L'Abelle Medicale tells of a very fat woman, a most marvellous fat woman, whose fatness disappeared entirely under the influence of tincture of iodine, administered in doses of twenty drops a day, for two months only.

## "THE PAPER DON'T SAY SO!"

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a University, and his walk in life has been in by-paths and out of the way places. His mind is characterized by littleness rather than a comprehensive grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum can however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work.

A few evenings ago, father Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident that had occurred at a factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare wife; that was an awful accident over tew the mills."

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you will know all about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read.

"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to 'that bourne from which,' as the immortal Shakespeare has said, 'no traveler returns.'"

"Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

"Mr. David Jones a workman who had but few superiors this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the largest drums—

"I wonder if it was a bass drum such as has 'E Pluribus Unum' printed on it?" said Mrs. S.

"When he became entangled. His arms were drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved about fifteen minutes, his head and arms striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution."

"Poor creature, how it must have hurt him."

"When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were mangled to a jelly."

"Well, did it kill him?" asked Mrs. S. with increasing interest.

"portions of the duramater, cerebrum, cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and the wife seized the opportunity to press the question—

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that yet; I won't know when I've finished the piece."

And Mr. Slocum continued his reading:

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to know!" said Mrs. S.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. S., eyeing his better half over his spectacles; "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on:

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village and we trust that it will prove a warning to persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mill."

"Now," says Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been reading, and took a general survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife, 'tis rather curious, but really, the paper don't say."

A CHOICE OF EVILS.—Two young officers were traveling in far west, when they stopped to get supper at a small road side tavern, kept by a very rough looking Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sunbonnet and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests "if they chose long sweetening or short sweetening in their coffee."

The first officer supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of that article, chose it accordingly.—

What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening." Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece put it into his cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers."

EXTORTION.—A Yankee riling up to a Dutchman, exclaimed:

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what is your name?"

"Vv, my name ish Haunce Hollenboffen-fengraffenstiemer."

"By Gvve Col, if that ain't as long as a pumpkin vine. Well, hain't no time to love—I'm on a speculation! Tell me the way to Harrisburg?"

"To Harrisburg? Veil, you see dat road pon the hill?"—pointing in the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."

"Veil, den, you must not take dat road. You see dis road by the corn field."

"Yes."

"Veil, dat ish not tee road too; but you must go right by de purn deer, and ven you see von road crooks just so, (bending his elbows, and describing it at the same time,) and ven you git dare, keep right along till you git furdur. Veil, den, you will turn tee potato patch round, tee bridge over, tee river up stream, and tee hill up, and directly you see mine prud-

der Fritz's barn, shingled mit straw, dais de house where mine prudder lives. He'll tell you so petter as I can. And you go a little bit furdur, you see two roasts—you musht not take bote of 'em!"

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

## ABORIGINAL POETRY.

That spirited sheet, the Baltimore Flag, gives the following heroic poem as a translation from the Choctaw. We regret that our space will not permit us to transfer the terrible out of "scalp r," war club and "tommywack," with which it is headed off in the Flag. Its title should be "The Song of the Ancient Choctaw."

I slew the chief of the Muskokee,  
And burnt his squaw at a blasted tree;  
By the hind legs I tied up his cur—  
He had no time to fondle on her.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muskokee,  
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!

I stripped his skull all naked and bare,  
And here his hisscap with a tuft of his hair;  
His tuft is in the panther's maw,  
His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muskokee,  
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree.

A faggot from the blasted tree  
Fired the lodge of the Muskokee;  
His sinews serve to string my bow,  
When bent to lay his brethren low.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muskokee,  
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!

## DEAF SMITH.

### The Celebrated Texian Spy.

About two years after the Texian revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences, even bloodshed and the horrors of a civil war. Briefly the cause was this:

The Constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital, itself, Houston, then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order, commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the records to the latter place, which he declared to be *pro tempore*, the Seat of Government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which followed the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding houses, groceries and faro-banks where thunder-struck, maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be the death-blow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized four hundred men, one moiety of whom relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the state house until the peril was past.

The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly to pieces with the Bowie knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he would learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats.

He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering army, he would then hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote to the hero of San Jacinto to that effect.—The latter replied in a note of laconic bravery:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Col. Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear cap."

On the reception of this answer the guard was doubled around the State house. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning until night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city hall. In short, everything beokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall, was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all, but climbing unseen, a small bushy topped oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a large Bowie-knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with dark complexion, and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance,

that seemed never to have known a smile, and the eyes of intense vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger.

His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side-arms.

"Who are you that thus presumes to intrude amongst gentlemen without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton, ferociously, essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long bony finger on his lips, as a sign—but of what sign the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now re-ovled his finger from his lips and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous Bowie.

The fiery colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught and held him back, remonstrating—

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At that moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line:—"I am deaf."

He then held it up before the spectators as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took this paper, and wrote a question:—"Dear sir—will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"Fellow Citizens:—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAM HURSTON.

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few moments as if for a reply, and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Col. Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table.

The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me; you are you brave enough to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service."

Morton wrote: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger replied: "I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned—"Name your terms."

The stranger traced without a moment's hesitation:—"Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance, one hundred yards.—Do not fail to be in time."

He then took three steps across the room, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible that you intend to fight that man? He is a mule, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton with a smile. "That man is a hero, whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half that many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton coolly.

"Why, no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Deaf Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say is true, you are a madman yourself?" exclaimed Judge Webb.

"Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Comanches and Mexicans at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards."

"Say no more," answered Col. Morton in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory."

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening, a vast crowd had assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting—and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of

the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result. At length the red orb of the summer touched the curved rim of the Western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long ponderous rifles, took their station back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily in opposite directions, counting their steps, until each had measured fifty.

They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was so great, both passed for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast betwixt them. The face of Colonel Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was as stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing incident, was one of the strangest and most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent into Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago; but although he had many warm and personal friends, no one could ever learn either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip, and if pressed more closely, his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation, and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantage of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation by an eye quick and far-seeing as an eagle's, and a small keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He never could be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent cloth. Wrapped in his blanket he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks and even months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped by his infirmities from a cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven.

Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains or tangled brakes of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of the great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soot!—he had departed on the long journey, away among those high, bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of that magic word "life." He is dead—therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues remembered with hope.

Muggins has a sharp porter.—This chap returned from the post-office the other day with Muggins' papers, and informed that noted individual that there was a letter in the post-office which he couldn't get.

"Couldn't get it. Why couldn't you get it you stupid?"

"There's five cents to pay on it."

"Why didn't you pay for it?" asked Muggins, with indignation.

"I hadn't cests enough," replied the urchin, grinning archly.

"You fool," said Muggins, storming, "here take this five cents and get that letter in less than no time."

"No use, I tell you," replied the fellow, "they won't let me have it."

"The dickens they won't—I'd like to know the reason?"

"Bekase," replied the fellow, looking back to see if the door was open, "bekase the letter wasn't for you!"

Subscribers for the Register if you wish to follow the mass

## SELLING CHICKENS TO THE LEGISLATURE.

While the Legislature of Missouri is in session a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs, to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown over his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible, except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of outstretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want any chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at a large stone house over the way, (the Capitol) that there was a man over there buying for the St. Louis market, and no doubt he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him. "Look here," says he; "when you get over there, go up stairs and then turn to the left.—The man stops in the large room. You will find him sitting down at the other end of the room, and now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens.—If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent others from selling theirs. Don't mind him, but go right ahead."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake to freshen them, he commenced his journey towards the Speaker's chair, the fowls, in the meantime expressing, from the half-formed crow to the quark, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir"—Here he had advanced a about half-dozen of steps down the aisle, when he was seized by Mr. Jackson, the door-keeper, who happened to be returning from the clerk's desk.

"What are you doing here with these chickens? Get out, sir, get out," whispered the door-keeper.

"No you don't, though; you don't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself, and let me sell mine.—I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the speaker,) are you buying chickens to-day?—I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string, and shook his fowls; until their music made the walls echo. "Let me go, sir, (to the door-keeper); let me go, I say. Fine large chickens, (to the Speaker) only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant-at-arms," roared the speaker. "Take that man out."

"Now don't, will you? I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the door-keeper,) you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir, (to the speaker in a louder voice,) are you buying chickens to-day?"

"Go ahead!" "At him again!"—"That's right," whispered some of the Opposition members, who commanded gravity enough to speak.

"I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker)—cuss your pictures, let me go—two at one ain't fair (to the Speaker and sergeant-at-arms;) let me go. I say, sir; you up there (to the Speaker,) you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a cent less. Take 'em home, and eat 'em myself before I'll take 'em. Drag your hides! I don't shove so hard, will you? you'll hurt 'em chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, any how. I say, you, sir, up there!"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried, and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the door-keeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs, adding that "if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the capitol, saying as he went down the stairs: "Well, this is the roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."—*American Paper.*

## The American Officers and their Soldiers.

A very objectionable part of the duties required from the general police, and the source of a good deal of discontent, is a practice which exists of causing to do a considerable portion of work for officers, which ought to be done by their own domestic servants.

The men consider it quite reasonable that they should clean the garrison, and perform the duties of cutting their own wood, and bringing water for their own use; but they very naturally grumble at doing the same for their officers, who they know are furnished by Government, in addition to their pay, with a liberal allowance of money and rations for the express purpose of providing themselves with servants from civil life. This custom of making the soldiers do the domestic drudgery of the officers' households thus converting the soldier into a degraded menial, Gibbon's hero of wood and drawer of water, is universal throughout the American army, although at direct variance with the rules of the service. It has a most deteriorating effect upon the character of the soldier, whom it renders disaffected to his officers, and slovenly in his appearance. It is chiefly owing to this bad practice, I have no doubt, that the American soldier is so much inferior in smartness of appearance, and in neatness of his uniform and appointments, to the English soldier, who is accustomed to see the rule of the services as stringent.

ly binding upon the officers as they are upon the men. What serves to render this breach of discipline more glaringly inexcusable on the part of the American officer, is that the Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, aware of the existence of the practice, and the bad effects which it produces, has, time after time, issued circulars, calling the attention of the officers to the existing regulations on this subject. These circulars, as directed, are frequently read on parade; and the perfect indifference with which the system is carried on, in open defiance of the prohibition shows the complete degree of impunity with which an officer of the United States